

THE  
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# WEEKLY MUSEUM,

OR

POLITE REPOSITORY

OF

## AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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NO. 12.

CORALLY AND NELSON :

OR,

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

(Continued.)

LADY Aldbury thought it was requisite to keep her from this melting object: but to Corally it proved the most poignant misfortune. Her despair on that account knew no bounds; "Cruel friend," said she to Juliette, "you take a pleasure in making me unhappy. You endeavour to make my whole life one continued scene of sorrow and bitterness. If any thing assuages my troubles you cruelly deprive me of it. It is not sufficient to banish me from him whom I love; his very shadow seems to have too many charms for me; you envy me the pleasure of looking at it."

"Ah, unhappy girl, what would you wish?"

"To love, to adore, to live for him, even though he should live for another. I hope for nothing, I ask for nothing.—My hands are sufficient to enable me to get my living; my heart is sufficient to enable me to love. I am troublesome, perhaps odious to you; send me away

from you, leave me that image wherein his soul respires, or at least I imagine I see it respire. I shall behold it, I shall speak to it; I will persuade myself that it sees my flowing tears, that it hears my sighs, and is affected with them."

"Why, my dear Corally, will you nourish a fire, which consumes you? I make you uneasy, but it is for your good and for Nelson's peace. Would you make him unhappy? He must be so, if he knows you love him; and the more so if he loves you. You are not in a condition to listen to arguments; but that penchant which you think so sweet, will impoison all his life. Have pity, my dear girl, on your friend and my brother; spare him that remorse and those conflicts that will bring him to the grave."

Corally shuddered at this address.—She urged her ladyship to tell her how Nelson's attachment to her could be fatal to him.—"To be more explicit," said Juliette, "would be rendering that odious to you, which you ought ever to cherish. But in the most sacred of all duties forbid him the hope of being your's."

How is it possible to express the anguish in which Corally was immersed.

"What manners! What a country,"—said she, "must that be, where a person cannot dispose of herself! Where the chief of blessings, mutual love, is a dreadful evil! I must dread the seeing Nelson again: I must tremble at pleasing him! At pleasing him! Alas! I would have given my life to be one moment as pleasing in his eyes, as he is in mine. It is time to fly from a country, where it is a crime, a misfortune to be loved."

Corally-heard every day of vessels that were bound for her own country. She was determined to go on board one of them without taking leave of Juliette. Only one evening, as she was going to bed, Juliette perceived, that in kissing her hand, her lips pressed it more tenderly than usually, and that some deep sighs escaped her.

"She leaves me in greater emotion than she ever did," said Juliette to herself; and not a little alarmed at the occasion. "Her eyes were fixed on mine with the most lively expression of tenderness and grief. What alteration has there been in her mind?"—This uneasiness deprived her of sleep all night; and the next morning she sent to enquire whether Corally was still in bed. She was informed that she was gone out by herself, and dressed very plainly, and had walked towards the sea-port. Aldbury rose in the greatest distress, and sent in pursuit of the Indian. She was found on board a vessel surrounded by the sailor, whom her beauty, her graces, her youth, the tone of her voice, and above all, the simplicity of her request, inspired them both with surprize and admiration. She had nothing with her but mere necessities. Every thing of value, which had been given her, was left behind, excepting a crystal heart, which she had received from Nelson.

On hearing the name of lady Aldbury, she submitted without the least resistance, and suffered herself to be brought back again. She appeared at first a little confused on account of her elopement; but when reproached on account of it, she replied, "That she was unhappy and free."

"Why so my dear Corally? Do you perceive nothing here but unhappiness?"

"If I saw only my own, I would never quit this place. It is Nelson's unhappiness which makes me uneasy; and it is to make him easy that I eloped."

Juliette did not know how to answer her; she durst not mention the right which Blandford had over her; that would have made her hate him as the source of her misfortune. She chose rather to lessen her fears: "I would not," said she, "conceal from you the danger of fruitless love; but the evil is not without remedy. Six months absence, reason, friendship; how can I tell? perhaps another object."

The Indian interrupted,—"Say death; that is my only remedy. What! can reason cure me of loving the most accomplished, the most worthy man on earth! Will six months absence give me a soul, which loves him not? Does time change nature? Friendship may compassionate me, but will it cure me? Another object!—You cannot think so.—You will not do yourself that injustice. There are not two Nelsons in the world; but were there a thousand, I have but one heart, and that is given away already. That was a fatal gift you will say: but if it be so, let me banish myself from Nelson, and hide the sight of myself and my tears from him. He is not insensible, it would affect him; and if it be a misfortune to him to love me, pity itself would lead him to do so. Alas! who can with indifference see himself cher-

ished as a parent, revered as a deity!—Who could find himself loved, as I love him, and not love in his turn!”

“You would not expose him to that danger?” replied Juliette; “you would conceal your weakness from him, and will triumph over it; Corally, you do not stand in need of the strength, but the courage of virtue.”

“Alas! I have courage against misfortune; but is there any against love? What virtue would you have me oppose to it? They are all engaged in his favour. Indeed my lady, you talk to little or no purpose; you cast a gloom over my understanding; you diffuse no light on it. I must see Nelson; he shall decide upon my life.”

Lady Aldbury, in the most cruel perplexity, seeing the unhappy Corally fading and languishing in tears, and asking leave to depart, resolved to write to Nelson to come and dissuade the girl from returning to India, and preserve her from that disguise of life, which daily consumed her. But Nelson was not less to be pitied himself. Scarcely had he left Corally, but he perceived the danger of seeing her, from the reluctance he found to part with her. Every thing that seemed trifling to him, when with her, became serious on being deprived of her. In the violence of solitude he had examined his soul; he found there friendship languishing, his zeal for the welfare of his country weakened, almost extinct, and love only predominating, with that sweet and terrible dominion which it exercises over good hearts. He perceived, with horror, that even his reason had suffered itself to be seduced. The rights of Blandford were no longer sacred;—the involuntary crime of depriving him of Corally’s heart was at least excusable; at the worst the Indian was free, and Blandford himself would not exact it as a duty that she should be his.—

“Unhappy wretch,” cried Nelson, shocked at these ideas, “whither does a blind passion hurry me! The poison of vice gains ground, my heart is already corrupted. Is it for me to examine, whether the deposit committed to my charge belongs to him who entrusted me with it? and am I authorised to judge, to whom it belongs, when I promised to keep it? The Indian is free, but am I so myself! should I call Blandford’s right in question, if it were not with a design to usurp it? My crime was involuntary at first; but it ceases to be so, when I give my consent to it. What! shall I justify perjury! I believe that an unfaithful friend is excusable. Who would have told thee Nelson, ah! who would have told thee, while embracing the virtuous Blandford, that thou couldst conceive a doubt, whether it were lawful for thee to rob him of one who was to be his wife, and whom he trusted to thy fidelity? How excessively does love debase a man! What a strange revolution does it produce in his heart? Ah! let it tear mine to pieces if it please; yet it never shall make it either perfidious or mean: And though my reason should leave me, my conscience, at least, will never betray me. Her light is uncorruptible, the cloud of the passions cannot obscure it; it is my guide, and friendship, honour, and fidelity are not yet without a support.”

Notwithstanding the idea of Corally was always before him, had he seen her only in her native charms, adorned with simple beauty, bearing the serenity of innocence on her countenance, on her lips the smile of candour, in her eyes the fire of desire, and the enchanting air of voluptuousness amidst all the graces of her person, he would have in his principles, in the severity of his manners, a sufficient preservative against seduction; but he imagined he saw the amiable girl

as full of sensibility as himself, more feeble, and without any other shield than a discretion which was not her own, innocently indulging a propensity which would make her unhappy; and that the very pity she excited in him served only as nourishment to his love. Nelson blamed himself for loving Corally, but forgave himself for pitying her. Sensible of the miseries in which he was going to involve her, he could not bear the idea of her tears without thinking of the sweet eyes which were to shed them, or of the panting bosom which she would bedew with them; and the very resolution of forgetting her endeared her the more to him. He attached himself to her in the very act of renouncing her; but in proportion as he found that he grew weaker, he became the more courageous.

"Let me give over all thoughts of a cure," said he; "I exhaust myself in fruitless efforts. It is a fit which I must suffer to go off. I burn, I languish, I die, but all this is included in suffering; and I am not accountable to any one for what passes within myself. Provided nothing escape me without, which may discover my passion, my friend has no grounds for complaint. It is only a misfortune to be weak; and I have courage enough to be unhappy."

After this resolution of dying rather than violating the rights of friendship, he received a letter from his sister, he read it with emotion, with an inexpressible extasy: "Sweet and tender victim," said he, "thou groanest, thou wishest to sacrifice thyself for my repose, and my duty. Forgive! Heaven is my witness, that I feel more than thyself, all the pains I cause thee. May my friend, thy husband, come soon to dry up thy precious tears. He will love thee as much as I; his happiness entirely depends on thee. In the mean time it is

requisite that I should see her, to keep her from a second elopement, and to console her. I see her! What danger should I expose myself to? Her irresistible charms, her grief, her love, her tears which I cause her to shed, and which it would be so sweet to catch, those sighs which escape from an artless and simple heart, that language of nature, whereby the most sensible heart expresses itself with so much candour—what trials to support! What must become of me! And what can I say to her? Be that as it will—I must see her, and speak to her as a friend, as a father. After I shall have seen her, I cannot, at best, but be more agitated, more unhappy on that account: my own repose is out of the question, it is his which interests me most; the happiness of my friend, who she must live for, depends upon it. I am certain I can conquer myself, and however great the conflict shall be, it would be both a weakness and a disgrace to decline it."

On Nelson's arrival, Corally trembling and confused, was fearful to come in his sight. She had ardently wished for his return, but on seeing him, a mortal coldness crept through her veins. She appeared like one standing before a judge, who was going with a single word to decide her fate.

How great were the feelings of Nelson, when he saw the roses of youth faded on her cheeks, and the fire of her eyes almost extinguished! "Come," said Juliette to her brother, "calm the mind of this child, and cure her of her melancholy. She is killed with the vapours for being with me, she wishes to return to India."

(To be continued.)

There is no pre-eminence among true friends; for whether they are equally accomplished, or not, they are equally affected to one another.

## THE BRIEF REMARKER.

## ON SLANDER.

"He that would seriously set upon the search of truth," says the great Locke, "ought in the first place to prepare his mind with a love of it; for he that loves it not, will not take much pains to get it, nor be much concerned when he misses it. There is nobody in the commonwealth of learning who does not profess himself a lover of truth: and there is not a rational creature that would not take it amiss to be thought otherwise of. And yet, for all this, one may truly say, there are very few lovers of truth for truth's sake, even amongst those who persuade themselves that they are so. How a man may know whether he be so in earnest, is worthy enquiry, and I think there is this one unerring mark of it, viz. the not entertaining any proposition with greater assurance, than the proofs it is built upon will warrant."

These weighty sentiments, so worthy to be carried along with us in all our secular, and in all our moral and religious concerns are particularly applicable to the subject of *evil thinking*. Downright wilful slander is considered on one hand as a detestable vice; and a person habitually guilty of it, in its grossness, is marked as a foe to society. A man, a woman, or a family, that is notoriously infected with this species of *verofula* is watched as carefully as is a pick-pocket, or a common cheat. But it unhappily falls out, that although rank wilful slander commonly meets with the reprobation it merits, yet what is of near akin to it passes with very little censure or remorse.—I mean one's *taking* up a reproach against one's neighbour, or believing an ill report of another upon slight grounds, or without sufficient evidence.

The commonness of this fault seems

to evince a strong predisposition to it in our very nature. It is a remark of the great British moralist, Dr. Johnson, that "there are two causes of belief; Evidence and Inclination." When we are in no manner inclined to believe a thing, we naturally require full evidence of it before we yield our credence: and, on the other hand, when we are powerfully inclined to believe, we can do so, not only without evidence, but against it. Hence it would seem that we naturally have a strong inclination to believe or think ill of others, since we so often do it on no real proof at all, or on what is next to none.

How happens it, that even in well-ordered society, scandal flies as upon the wings of the wind? That it so quickly spreads over a whole neighbourhood, parish, or town? That it continues to widen its circle from day to day, till every body knows it save one, to wit, the person scandalized?—Does not this argue a general love of scandal?—Perhaps you will say No; and will hold, that two or three talebearers or busy bodies may have done the whole mischief. But pray how could they have done it if they had not found a multitude of ears to listen to their tale, and a multitude of tongues to aid them in their circulation? As there would be no thieves of *one* kind, if there were no receivers of stolen goods, so there would be no talebearers, if there were no greedy listeners to their buzz: and as the receiver is as bad as the thief, so the greedy listener to groundless scandal is well nigh as bad as its author, or at least possesses some portion of the same pravity of feeling and temper.

No one has travelled very far upon the journey of life, and been an observant traveller, who has not noticed the manner in which for a while this "pestilence walketh in darkness," and then

bursts forth into open light. The foul report is for some time communicated in whispers, accompanied with solemn injunctions of secrecy. Every one professes to hope it is not true, and yet every one whispers it to every one's acquaintance. If it be a young female that the story is about, one that is distinguished by some personal attractions, to the rueful faces of the rival young sisterhood and their good mothers! Crumpling up their mouths while they are spreading it, and every now and then venting a deep sigh, they hope, forsooth, the thing is not altogether so bad, but are sorely afraid there is too much truth in it. At length it comes to be a common report; a matter of public notoriety. It is in every body's mouth, and every body *must* believe it; because, according to one orthodox old saying, What every body says must be true; and, according to another of equally sacred authority, Where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire. It is a settled point. In the public opinion, the case is decided, and the defamed party is cast. All are of one mind, that there must be something in it; though, here and there, one charitable body or another expresses a feint hope that the affair may not turn out to be quite so scandalous as it is represented.

Last of all, after the lapse of months, or perhaps a year, it reaches the astounded ears of the person most immediately concerned. It is sifted, and turns out to be a sheer fabrication, invented, and first put in circulation, by *Nobody*. Search is made in vain for the author, who lies snugly concealed amidst the multitude.

Well then, the matter is cleared up, and all the slur is wiped away at last from the character of the defamed.—Not exactly so, nor indeed can it be. Some are no less loath to disbelieve,

than they were forward to believe. Some who pretend to be mighty glad at the result, secretly wish it had turned out a little otherwise. Some have their doubts still, but charitably believe that in the main the poor girl "is more sinned against than sinning." And some again have no inclination to examine the disproof of the calumny, though they had swallowed it with a voracious appetite. "If she have cleared herself of the aspersions it is well; we wish the girl no harm: but, for our part, we have our own opinion about that matter, and leave it to others to think as they please."—At the same time they look mighty wise, and not a little mysterious.—*Con. Courant.*

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For the New-York Weekly Museum.

Mr. ORAM.—The following beautiful and poetical description by EDMUND, of his first rapturous gaze on the form of the fair and beauteous LICEA, and which shortly after affected his untimely end, may perhaps be interesting to the generality of your readers.—ROLLA.

"It was May; when the green mantled bosom of nature expands to the benign influence of love; when the smile of cheerfulness gladdens the serene aspect of creation; when the robin and ring-dove pour their silver-toned strain of thanksgiving; when the rose, the lily, and all the offspring of Flora, breathe their tributary emotions to the invisible hand which fosters them; that indulging in one of my evening walks near the environs of N——, where I had resided for a few days, I was thrown by accident into a path winding its course thro' a woodland of the most bewildering scenery that the eye of the most admiring ruralist ever gazed upon. It was to this stilly unfrequented retreat, beneath the shade of the ivy-vine and honey-suckle, nourished by her own tender care, Licea had stolen, as was her custom, to pass

in silent musings, the tranquil close of departing day; to study the lessons which nature is unceasingly disclosing; to mark the successive changes of her favorite landscape; to watch the expiring sun-beam while tinging with its last faint glow the gently swelling billow, and presenting, in the conclusion of its transitory career, one of those pensive emblems of human existence, which the meditative and exploring mind hangs upon with the most sublimated interest; indulging in those inseparable associations, which, humbling the heart, harmonize it with the softening sadness of surrounding objects.

Enticed by the picturesque display of congenial Eve, whose downcast look reflected the farewell smile of day; by the plaintive carol of the lonely bird, who, in the solitude of the grove, mingled his Lydian murmur with the babblings of the meandering Evon; and, by an atmospherical influence, I continued to stray its violet-clad banks, little dreaming my rambles would obtrude me on the retirement of so interesting a moralist.

I had approached within a few yards of the ivy-clad pine, under whose umbrageous vault she negligently lay, without perceiving the fairy inhabitant of its shade. The broken plaint of her sighing song floated, like the vesper hymn of some pleading saint, upon the almost motionless air: it touched my heart like the admonishing voice of a seraph—it entranced my ear, rivetted my eye, and, like the electric influence of heaven, inspired those awe-exciting emotions the superstitious pilgrim experiences in profanely treading an abode consecrated and hallowed by religious veneration.

As if transfixed by the spell of enchantment, I stood, drinking the mournful melody of her tongue, and, gazing a

on the illusion of a love-created dream of a newly awakened fancy.

The glimmering ray of the low sunken sun played upon the green-covered branches of the pine, shedding a pellucid light on her auburn-hued locks, stealing in wild transgression from beneath a veil thrown sufficiently aside to kindly discover, without reserve, the soul-speaking features of her face. The pensive cast of the hour, together with her sorrow-breathing theme, the simple narration of a friendless orphan's story, endeared by its striking analogy to her own infant misfortunes and lonely condition—(for who so lonely as the parentless!) had woke the reverie of sadness, and given to her countenance a tender melancholy, which, from instant association, recalled the little friend of "other days," to whose memory my muse has so often poured the tributary strain.—

The entwining boughs of the curling vine, and the sideway direction in which I was placed, enabled me to behold her for a few moments unnoticed. Her song, like the evening spirit's murmur, being finished, she rose as if to indulge in a more extended view of the willow-skirted prospect. The discovery of one so unexpectedly near, and a stranger too, hanging with rapt intent on the careless attitudes of unguarded retirement, betrayed her into the sweetest look of surprise; into the most tremulous confusion; adding a thousand beauties to her appearance, and rendering her as lovely as imagination can conceive. Her glance reproved my intrusion, and bereft me of all power to apologize, till, like a vision, she had fled, leaving her image in my heart, traced in the indelible characters of ethereal love."

The philosopher Bras, being asked, What animal he thought the most hurtful? replied, That of wild creatures, a Tyrant; and of tame ones, a Flatterer

## AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

The ill-consequences of a young man's purchasing a horse upon first setting out in the world, when he has no use for one, is exemplified by a writer in the Rutland Herald as follows :

'He goes from home decently dressed, with a few shillings in his pocket, and hearing that Mr. Lookout wishes to hire a smart young man, he goes to him and agrees to work twelve months for an hundred and thirty, forty or fifty dollars, and is to receive, in part payment, a sorrel colt, at sixty five or seventy dollars. He works like a Trojan two or three months, barely spending an hour or two, now and then, in fitting the object of his care for service. He has him nicked, and he soon makes quite a show. All trouble and expence is amply paid by the pleasing idea of riding 'Nimrod to June training with his tail curled over his back, where he will attract the attention of the multitude; even the captain himself will cast his eye at him, which will be worth at least one dollar.'

'But stop,' says he, 'a saddle and bridle is wanting. But I can do well enough about them; my employer will be glad to let me have them towards my wages. I'll speak to him soon, and the first rainy day I shall go to Sam Standaard's shop and get them. A little cash too must be had; I'll have all things ready—I had better let the cash alone till I am about starting. But then if the old man should refuse to let me have it, I should be all out, and obliged to stay at home, which I would not do for ten dollars, after taking so much pains. And if I dont ride young Nim a little he wont pay for his keeping; and I can't afford to work myself, and let him, a lazy rogue, lie still. But I shall venture to make my calculations for the money—I am certain the old man will let me have it. But I am not yet equipt; I must

have a pair of spurs and a whip, and I'll cut a real dash. A watch also would not come amiss: I vow, I guess 'tis best to rig out at once—I have just begun in the world, and have no children to cry for bread, and I can take my comfort. Poor comfort indeed for a man of sense.

The wished for day at length arrives, and all things are ready according to his former calculations—he mounts Nimrod with tail erect—away he goes to training, full gallop, with spurs at heel, watch in pocket, whip in hand, looking first over one shoulder and then over the other, to view the pretty tail. Snap goes the whip, and he soon arrives at esquire Glad's, where the whole town are assembled to attend the annual training. (Staid till a late hour, that all might have an opportunity to view none such. Rides up, whip over shoulder, elbows out and shaking, legs straight, pocket handkerchief about one third dangling out of his pocket, salutes the bystanders with 'how do you, gentlemen,' paces his pony a little, gives him the whip and spur, and finally dismounts. Nimrod is carefully hitched where all may behold him. Feelwell takes off his hat, strokes up his foretop, which is stiff with mutton tallow, and looks like a unicorn's horn. Strokes down Nim's mane, slaps him under the belly, and struts into the house, exclaiming, 'Come gentlemen, let us walk in and take a little oh-be-joyful.' In they go, and half a pint of 'good stuff' is taken by way of introduction, and followed by six or eight more in succession, until presently the table is upset, the glasses and decanters are all broken, the doors split, the host abused, and the riot ends with broken shins and bloody noses; and the company disperse, many of them not having money enough to pay their bill of damage.

The next day several warrants are issued, the bucks are apprehended and

brought before a magistrate, and fined ten or fifteen dollars each; their employers pay the bill, and deduct it from their wages. The year comes about, and on settlement our young gentleman finds himself forty or fifty dollars in debt. Consequently he must engage for a second year to pay the arrears of the first. Very much mortified, he works a few days, but soon runs away, breaks open a store, is advertised, found guilty, and sent to the state prison, to wear out five of his best years at hard labor, which had it not been for his own folly and madness, might have been spent in his own profit and comfort, and the benefit of society.

Unhappy youth! whoever he may be, that suffers his fancy to run away with his money, and buys a horse before he has any use for one. It is the writer's humble opinion, that if Feelwell had not bought a horse he would not have come to this shame. Therefore I advise all young men when they first set out in the world, to consider well what they stand in need of before they purchase. It would be well for young people to ask advice of those who have seen riper years and more experience. It is a true maxim, that good advice can do no harm, and bad will do none if it be rejected.

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#### LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

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Lady Hester Stanhope, who belongs to one of the first families in England, merits a place among the most celebrated and intrepid travellers of the present age. This Lady, the niece, the friend, and intimate companion of Mr. Pitt, was not less attached to him by conformity of mind than by the ties of blood. She enjoys a pension from her country. Pitt, who, as is known, died without fortune, left to his nieces, poor

as himself, a few lines in which he recommended them to the generosity of the people of England. After the death of her uncle, Lady Hester formed the project of travelling in the Levant: she first repaired to Malta, and from thence proceeded to Constantinople. Wishing afterwards to make a pilgrimage to Palestine, she sailed for the Holy Land, but had the misfortune to be shipwrecked off the Isle of Rhodes. Cast on a barren rock she seemed destined to perish by hunger, but an English ship, which appeared on the following day, took her on board, and conveyed her to Syria. There she travelled in all directions, accompanied by Mr. Bruce, who has just been tried for the part he took in the escape of Lavalette. She spent many years wandering among the ruins of Palmyra and Hierapolis, and exploring the vallies of Mount Lebanon. Living for whole months on rice and water, and accustomed to the frugality of Oriental habits, from being feeble and debilitated, she became a strong and vigorous Amazon. According to letters which she has addressed to her family in England, she is now at the head of three tribes of Bedouin Arabs who regard her as a being of a superior order. She has had several children, whom she was fond of, brought to her from England; and she declares, that she never will forsake that Land of the Sun, to breathe the humid and cloudy atmosphere of Great-Britain.—*French Paper.*

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An Irishman was arraigned before a magistrate, for striking an old woman who was not remarkable for her beauty. The Irishman said in his defence—"May it please your honor, I met this ould hag in the street, and her face was so ugly, that by the hill of Hoath, I tho't she was making a mouth at me, so I gave her a gentle slap for her impudence, and please your honor."

## MORALS.

### IRREGULAR PLEASURES.

By the unhappy excesses of irregular pleasures in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed? How many rising capacities and powers are suppressed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguished! Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning which arose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness; that good humour, which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity which sparkled in every company, those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest station, all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course, or sunk for the whole of it, into insignificance and contempt!—These O sinful Pleasure, are thy trophies! it is thus that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degrades human honour, and blastest the opening prospects of human felicity!—*Sternæ.*

### PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

THE joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears; they cannot utter the one, nor they will not utter the other. Children sweeten labors, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.

The difference in affection of parents towards their several children is many times unequal, and sometimes unworthy, especially in the mother. A man shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest respected and the youngest made wantons; but in the midst are some that is as it were forgotten, who many times, nevertheless, prove the best.

The illiberality of parents in allowance towards their children, is an error; it makes them base, and makes them keep with mean company. A parent does best, when he keeps good authority over them, but not his purse. Some have a foolish manner of creating and breeding an emulation between children, which creates discord, when they arrive to manhood and disturbeth families.

## VARIETY.

### THE WATER SPANIEL.

AN old woman at Paris had a water spaniel, that could perform a number of tricks. One of the Russian princess saw it, and ordered the woman to bring it to the emperor's head quarters. The price demanded for the dog was 400 francs, which the prince thought too much.—The emperor came in as this dog was performing the manual exercise, with a stick, to the word of command, and, like a good soldier, not at all disconcerted, let who would be looking at him. The emperor was much pleased with the dog, gave the word of command himself, and saw it perform various tricks: at length said he, *Soulez pour le Roi*—the dog shook his head, but did not stir; *Et bien done*, said the emperor. *Soulez pour l'Emperor*—the dog instantly began to caper and display the most lively joy. "Well," said the emperor, "it is very singular, that all France, even to the very dogs, are fond of Buonaparte: what is the price of the dog?" "400 francs, your majesty." "Pay her 500; I'll have the dog."

Is it not a mortifying consideration that the powers of reason should be less prevalent than those of motion; and that a page of Seneca cannot raise the spirits, when a glass or two of Madeira

will. It might methinks, something abate the insolence of human pride to consider, that it is by increasing or diminishing the velocity of certain fluids in the animal machine, which elates the soul with the gayest hopes, or sinks her into the deepest despair.

SOME time since a member of Congress who was not content with the usual drink allowed by the house, (*molas-ses and water*) begged for a little *spirit-uous* mixture. The door-keeper remonstrated against this innovation, on the ground of not knowing to what account he should charge the expenditure: "To what account do you charge the customary drink?" said the honourable member. "To that of *stationary*," replied the door-keeper; "then charge the brandy," rejoined the member, "to that of *fuel*."

#### TO BE READ ARIGHT.

##### I

Once had—on both I set great store—  
and a Lent my—and took his word  
therefor—to my Ask'd my—& nought  
but words I got—of my Lost my—for  
sue him I would not—and my

#### MONEY FRIEND

If I had—as I had once before—and a  
I'd keep my—& play the fool no more  
—& my

At a sale of a library, of an eminent scholar of the last age, a book was put up by the auctioneer with this puff, that it contained the doctor's manuscript notes. Thus recommended, it obtained a high price; but when the *happy* purchaser took home his lot, the only note it contained was in these words, "*This book is not worth reading.*"

A blacksmith in England advertises, that he irons wheels and *steals* axes."

#### MENDICITY.

A beggar in England advertised, "For sale, a blind man's walk, near Morefields, with a staff and well trained dog; the present occupier retiring from business."

An old beggar woman was asked how her son-in-law made out, "O, he's a poor creature. I have to maintain him, yet on his marriage I gave him two streets."

#### A PLEASANT SCHOOL-BOOK.

A young gentleman stepped into a Book-store, and said he wanted to get "*a Young Man's Companion*." "Well sir," said the bookseller, "*here's my daughter*."

#### CICERO

Was of low origin, and the mother of Metellus was a woman of licentious character. Metellus said to Cicero, "dare you tell your father's name?" Cicero answered, "Can your mother tell yours?"

After the battle of Pharsalia, in which Pompey was defeated, one of his generals said to Cicero, "We need not despair, as we have the eagles of several legions still remaining." "This would be an advantage," replied Cicero, "if we were fighting with crows."

#### RECIPE FOR A DELICIOUS PERFUME.

Take the petals of such flowers as you wish to reserve the scent of:—card then layers of cotton, and dip them into the finest Florence or Lucca oil:—sprinkle a little salt on the flowers: and put a layer of them, and a layer of the cotton, alternately, till you have filled an earthen jar, or a bladder: lay it in a south aspect, exposed to the rays of the sun: and, when uncovered at the end of a fortnight, a fragrant oil may be squeezed from the mass, little inferior (if that flower be used) to the true otto of roses.

## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### TO THE SPOTS IN THE SUN.

[Written June 12, 1816.]

AVAUNT! thou cold ungenial guest;  
Already by thy pow'r distrest  
The suff'ring earth is trembl'ing for her  
doom;

No more the genial breezes blow,  
But Boreas from his realms of snow  
Sends chilling blasts which nip the vernal  
bloom.

At thy command the fiend of frost  
Has left his ice-congealed coast,  
And shakes his frosty sceptre o'er our clime;  
The vegetable nations mourn,  
And, drooping, to the earth return,  
Smit by th' unwelcome pow'r of with'ring  
rime.

The plains that blush'd with vernal bloom,  
And spread abroad their rich perfume,  
Upon the flutt'ring zephyr's balmy wing,  
Now droop dejected and forlorn,  
Since frosty gales, from northward borne,  
Prevail and blast the various bloom of Spring.

Behold! aloof Pomona stands,  
In trembl'ing guise, with lifted hands,  
Imploring heav'n to ward her dubious fate;  
Thy chilling breath her buds pervades,  
On airy hills, in silent glades,  
And blasts her treasures in their infant state.

Brown Ceres from yon verdant plain,  
Where wave his floods of infant grain,  
With eyes averted silent waits his doom,  
Whether thou wilt permission give  
That he in bloom and health may live,  
Or sink lamented to a darksome tomb.

Oh turn thy sable phiz away,  
Nor thus becloud our cheerful day  
With sombre clouds, cold winds and piercing  
frosts;

Permit the sun his rays to pour  
Upon our land, as when before  
Thou show'd'st thy darken'd visage to our  
coasts.

Durham, (N. Y.)

A. STRONG.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### EDWARD.

THE sun descends the western skies,  
While evening's shadows thick'ning rise;  
A solemn stillness awes the plain;  
No warblers tune the melting strain.

I haste along the dewey mead,  
To the still mansions of the dead;  
Led by pale Luna's feeble rays,  
To the lone spot where Edward lays.

The life of man, how quickly gone,—  
At morn he blossoms, but ere noon,  
He quickly speeds his weary way,  
And falls to fate an easy prey.

Could worth arrest the fleeting breath,  
Then Edward had not sunk in death;  
Had virtue any power to save,  
He ne'er had dropp'd into the grave.

Shall virtue check the rising sighs,  
When here her faithful vot'ry lies;  
Nor she a mark of grief impart,  
Whose precepts fir'd his youthful heart.

No,—pity oft shall wander here,  
The muse shall drop a tender tear;  
Virtue her Edward's fate shall mourn,  
And with fresh Cypress deck his urn.

J. L. W.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### SUMMER MORNING'S WALK.

How sweet to inhale the pure breezes of  
morn,

What time the moist dew-drop her twinkl'  
ing displays;

When rising Aurora illumines the lawn,  
And nature awakes to the light of her  
rays.

How pleasant to stray to the brow of yon  
hill,  
And drink the pure essence of nature's sweet  
balm,

When the landscape around you is pla-  
cid and still,  
And the boisterous breezes are sunk to a  
calm.

Behold on a bough of yon green-budding  
tree.  
The robin, sweet-lyrist, with musical throat,

In strains of pure harmony twitters with  
glee,  
And pours o'er the plains her melodious  
note.

And hark! from the covert of yon shady  
bush  
The pure strains of nature are flowing along,  
With notes tun'd to heav'n the melodious  
thrush  
Unceasingly pours her mellifluous song.

The blue-bird, sweet harmonist, high on  
the spray,  
Pours his silver-ton'd notes to the concave  
on high,  
And nature awakes at the sound of his lay,  
And echoes his song thro' the clear morn-  
ing sky.

Now Phœbus peeps forth from his orient  
bed,  
And pours o'er the landscape his bright  
flood of day;  
The damp noxious shades at his bidding  
have fled,  
And the choirs of the grove the new impulse  
obey.

Behold how the sky-lark exultingly  
springs,  
And abandons his grassy couch, low in the  
vale;  
Triumphantly mounting on swift spread-  
ing wings,  
He sounds to the world his delectable tale.

And hark! from the barn on the bounds  
of yon plain,  
The cock sounds his clarion which wakens  
the lawn,  
As, joyful, he leads forth his infantile  
train,  
To welcome the balmy approaches of morn.

How rapt'rous the scene when all nature  
so gay,  
Tunes her voice to that Being who gave her  
to sing;  
E'en objects inanimate waken the lay,  
And echo, blithe echo, makes vocal the  
string.

A. STRONG.

Durham, (N. Y.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

## ON HOPE.

Oh if delusive be my pleasures,  
If syren joys my bosom thrill,  
Still let me call thee life's best treasure,  
And if I'm cheated cheat me still.

Yes, lovely enchantress, be always my  
guide,  
Nor ever forsake in this valley below,  
A heart that reclines on thy bosom for  
rest,  
Thou chaser of gloom and dispeller of woe.

I have found thee the solace and sweet'ner  
of life,  
Tho' as yet gloomy sorrow sits light on my  
heart;  
But as misery increases with length'ning  
life,  
O never, bright maid, let thy presence de-  
part.

Be with me in life, and when death's try-  
ing hour,  
With all its attendants, shall shadow the  
scene,  
Thine be the form that bends over my pil-  
low,  
And thine be the rays of my sun-setting  
beam.

Thy smiles shall encourage, thy finger  
shall point  
To the cross which secures to a christian a  
home,  
And Faith, who delights in a death-bed of  
peace,  
Will surely acknowledge thy votary her own.

ELLA.

## THE TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

O THOU bright gem, that dost so fair adorn  
The countenance, much I love to see thee  
Ling'ring in the eye, in all the lustre  
Of a feeling heart resplendent—  
But lovelier far to me dost thou appear,  
When by the pleasing tumult of the breast  
O'erpower'd, thou leav'st, then brighter  
sparkling,  
The beauteous sphere, and unto virtue  
Sacred, drop'st a sweet memorial!

NEW-YORK,  
SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1816.

## Intelligence.

Accounts to the 4th of June, have been received from France.—The most material are, that Gen. Chartrand has been shot in France, pursuant to the sentence of a court martial, for joining in the rebellion in March, 1815—that David, condemned for his concern in the insurrection at Grenoble, has been executed—that Didier, the chief of the insurrection at Grenoble, has been given up by two of his accomplices—that a son of Boissy 'd Anglais has been arrested. Also, Count de Thiers—and that Caulincourt is said to have been arrested near Paris, and committed to prison—that Savary and Lallemand have been permitted to leave Malta for the U. States—and that two ships of war have sailed from France for Pondicherry, with Count Dupuy and suit, Governor of the French possessions in India.

The state of morals in France may be somewhat judged of from a statement in a French paper, which observes that more than one-third of the births in Paris in 1815, were born out of wedlock.

A Paris paper of June 1, says, "A horrid crime was committed last week in the commune of Mary-les-Bois. A man who knew were 80 francs were deposited in the house of his landlord, in attempting to get it was discovered by a girl of six years old; he immediately turned and murdered her,—he then murdered a girl of 15, who hearing her cries, had come to her assistance,—and finally the father, who came to save the lives of his two children, fell a sacrifice to this monster. The villain fled.

A letter from Marseilles, May 18, says, there was an insurrection at Tunis the beginning of that month.

The Insurgents killed the Bey, and offered the crown to his brother, who refused it. On this they seized five stout corsairs and put to sea, carrying off several of the principal people. It was supposed they had sailed for Constantinople.

A contagious distemper has broken out on the coast of Norway, north of Bergen, which has excited considerable alarm.

Accounts from Curacao, state that the patriotic Gen. Bolivar, had arrived and taken the island of Margareta, where he had hoisted the Independent standard. On his arrival, he immediately summoned the garrison of Pampatar to surrender, but the Spanish Governor refusing, he then stormed and took possession of the place by force of arms. In this affair the whole of the Spanish garrison, amounting to about 750 men, are said to have been put to death. Close to Margareta one division of Bolivar's fleet was attacked by Capt. Gavassa, senior Spanish Officer on that station, with seven large schooners, and after a smart contested action, the Spanish commodore with his fleet was compelled to strike to the Independents. The captured vessels were immediately manned and commissioned, which acquisition has increased the patriotic fleet to 35 sail, being chiefly schooners, mounting from 2 to 16 guns, long 18's to 32's and 24 pound cannonades, and from 72 to 200 men on board of each. At Margareta the whole forces of Gen. Bolivar, are said to be augmented to 7000 effective men, by a large portion of the natives, and many of the refugees from America having joined his standard.

The ship *Minerva*, capt. Sketchley, of this port, is stated to have arrived at Liverpool, in the hitherto unknown passage of FIFTEEN DAYS from land to land.

A man in Charleston, (s. c.) has been sentenced to be hung for passing a counterfeit dollar, knowing it to be such.—The penalty for a master's killing his own slave in that state is a fine of only 100 pounds sterling, or one year's imprisonment.

The Indiana Territory, by an act of the last Congress, is now an Independent State of the Union, under the name of INDIANA.

Accounts from New-Orleans of the 20th June, state the fall of the Mississippi a month earlier than usual—that where

part of the city three weeks before had been five feet under water, it was then dry and literally parched up. However, it appears that the heat was greater at Boston by several degrees at that time than at New-Orleans, and that the health of the place continued much as usual.

A dreadful murder has lately been committed at a place called Ancram, Clinton county, in this state. It appears that a number of women assembled at the residence of one Charles Decker to drink tea; among the guests was a woman of the name of Elizabeth Colepau, aged about 50: while they were all at tea, Decker, without any known provocation, rose up and stabbed her to death with a knife, and afterwards threw her body on a fire where it would have been consumed had it not been for the women present. He is in custody.

*Patent provisions* are prepared in England. Fresh provisions are put up in canisters and so preserved that they have been known to keep sweet and good for two years. A great number of certificates in their favour from respectable persons are given. Preserved milk is also in repute for voyages.

The Tribunal of Commerce, (says a late Paris paper) judged on the 29th of May, the affair relative to 800,000 francs negotiated by Bonaparte on the 21st of June, 1815, with the house of Baraudon, of London. The tribunal has ordered that the money be paid into that house, and the Royal Treasury to pay all the expences of this process.

*Beggars in London.*—Mr. Martin, who conducts an enquiry into the state of mendicity under directions from the secretary of state, estimated the total number of beggars in the metropolis, including children, at 15,288. The proportion of that number having a right of parochial settlement in England 9297, of whom 6693 belong to home parishes, within a few miles of the metropolis.—This leads to the following classification:

Parochial beggars	9297
Non-parochial	{ Irish 5310
consisting of	{ Scotch 504
	{ Foreigners 177

Total 15,288

of whom 9288 are children.

By the late arrivals from France, it is said that about the 20th of May last, a general raising took place at Nismes, which terminated in the massacre of a great number of the Protestants, and in the destruction of their dwellings. It is confidently stated, that at least one half of the city has fallen a prey to the flames.

A letter from Camden, (s. c.) dated July 4, gives an alarming account of an intended insurrection of the slaves in that village and neighbourhood. It was providentially discovered in time to prevent the most dreadful effects. Many of the blacks were secured in jail, and six of the ring-leaders were to be hung the next day.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Cornelia*" on the 4th of July will appear next week, as also will "*Emeline*" on the pleasures of Fancy.

#### NUPTIAL.

##### MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Blachford, Mr. Nathaniel Weeks, to Miss Elizabeth Goodyou, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. McClellan, Mr. James Webb of New-Milford (Conn.) to Miss Grace F. Turner, of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Kuypers, the rev. Paschal N. Strong, to Miss Cornelia Adeline Kane, daughter of Mr. John Kane.

By the rev. Mr. Berrian, Mr. John O. Roorbach, merchant, to Miss Mary Lawton, both of this city.

Mr. Alex. Marks, merchant, of Charleston, (s. c.) to Miss Hetty Hart, daughter of Mr. Jacob Hart, sen of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Mathews, Mr. Jacob Rezeau to Miss Lydia Oakden.

#### OBITUARY.

##### DIED.

Suddenly, Mrs. Catharine Beers, mother of Mr. Cyrus Beers.

Mr. John Van Blarcom, in the 67th year of his age.

After a short illness, Mrs. Mary Randort, consort of Lewis Randort.

Mr. Lawrence Hartwick, aged 27.

Mrs. Phæbe M'Phie, wife of Jno. M'Phie, in the 40th year of her age.

After a lingering illness Miss Hester Meyers, daughter of Mr. Wm. Meyers.

Mrs. Sarah Rogers, wife of Moses Rogers, esq.

Mrs. Rebecca Stillwill.

## GENEROSITY AND HOSPITALITY.

M. Chenier, in his "Present State of Morocco," says—I have been assured that an Arab, who went to hunt the lion, having proceeded far into the forest, happened to meet with two lion's whelps that came to carress him; and waiting for the coming of the sire or dam, took out his breakfast and gave them part.—The lioness arrived unperceived by the huntsman, and he had not time, or perhaps wanted courage to take his gun.—After having for some time looked at the man that was feasting her young, the lioness went away, and soon returned bearing with her a sheep, which she she laid at the huntsman's feet.—The Arab, thus become one of the family, and killed the sheep, made a fire, and roasted a part, giving the entrails to the young. The lion, in his turn, came also, and as if respecting the rights of hospitality, showed no tokens of ferocity.—The guest next day having finished his provisions, returned, and came to a resolution never more to kill any more of these animals. He stroked and carressed the whelps at taking leave, and the dam and sire accompanied him, till he was safely out of the forest.

From Lord Lyttleton's Letters.

## PRUDENCE.

WHEN I seriously reflect on the miseries of dependence, by whatever name it may be distinguished, I cannot but admire the prudence, and envy the disposition, of those men who preserve themselves above it. I am convinced, that no man can be happy or honourable, who does not proportionate his expenses to the means he possesses; and if the phrase is significant, that describes the man who pays every body, as *above the world*, he, who has disabled himself from pursuing the same conduct, must

submit to the abject idea of being beneath it. If your creditor is a shoe maker, and you cannot discharge his bill, whatever your rank may be, he becomes your superior; and the moment you put it out of your power to pay a servant his wages, he becomes your master and you must not only submit to his impertinence, but connive at his frauds, in order to prevent this liveried creditor from making his demands. I tell you honestly, that the galled horse winces on the occasion, and that my withers are most severely wrung. I feel the grief so sensibly, that, if I had an amanuensis at hand, I should like to patrol my library and discourse on worldly prudence. The circumspect use of money, not from any avaricious principle, but from the wise practice of applying means to ends, will keep a man in that state of independence which is the rock of life. On that foundation he can stand firm, return the haughty look, smile at the supercilious frown, give truth its due force, and scorn the embroidered lie. You have a son; and let me advise you, while the smartings of the moment dictate the counsel, to instil into his tender mind the lasting impression of a liberal prudence, without which virtue is continually harassed by necessity; pleasure has but an interrupted enjoyment, and life becomes a chequered scene of agitation and distress.

"Tis more honorable not to have and yet deserve, than to have, and not deserve.

## THE MUSEUM

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